

Lord Loveland Discovers America

By C. N. AND A. M. WILLIAMSON

Copyright, 1910, by Doubleday, Page & Company. Copyright, 1908, by the McClure Company

(Continued from Last Saturday.)

Luckily for Loveland's fortune, however, the ordeal—or the out of doors part of it—was brief. He was whisked round the corner and hurried mercifully into a dingy den which Bill Willing seemed to regard as a kind of "home from home," or, at the least, a cold storage warehouse.

Loveland denuded his shirt of studs, took the gold links out of his cuffs and produced his watch, asking almost humbly how much would be allowed for the lot.

The watch was of gun metal; the sleeve links, the simplest he had owned, were destitute of precious stones, and the pawnbroker, having examined the offered objects with an air of disparagement, mentioned the sum of \$5. When urged to make a higher bid he remarked that he was "no Santa Claus" and at last showed himself so indifferent that Loveland was glad to exchange his displaced belongings for \$1 less than the sum at first refused.

"I expect the old Curmudge will be on for his scene by the time we get back," said Bill as they returned to Alexander the Great's after an absence of nearly an hour, during which time Loveland had provided his shirt front with cheap celluloid studs.

But Curmudge, alias Mr. Solomon, alias Alexander, was still absent. His understudy, Izzy, of the almond eyes, continued to reign alone over a kingdom of marble topped tables and empty red chairs awaiting their next occupants, but sixty minutes had changed her oddly. She looked up with a nervous start when Loveland came in with Bill and hid in her lap the newspaper which had been lying before her on the desk.

CHAPTER XIII. THE MORNING PAPER.

"I SHALL be able to pay you for my breakfast and the messenger now," said Loveland. "And if you've a private room I'd like to engage it till afternoon, when I can send to the hotel again and find the cable telling me how and where to get the money on my letter of credit. It's rather awkward being here in these clothes and—"

"We haven't got a private room," replied the girl, "except our own parlor. I wish we had, because—because I guess you're just about right. You oughtn't to be here today sitting around dressed that way. You might be noticed and—"

"She hesitated, then began to speak again quickly in a low voice. "See here, Mr.—Mr. Gordon. I don't know but I'd better tell you something. Bend down. I don't want the waiters to hear. Dutchy don't catch on to English much, but folks always understand when you don't want 'em to. Of course it's all right about Bill, as he's your friend. I suppose he knows?"

"Knows what?" inquired Val.

"Why—it's in the paper—this morning's Light."

"Oh!" The blood sprang to Val's face, his scar showing very white. No need, it seemed, for further questions. He thought he knew what Miss Isidora Alexander had been reading in the paper and cursed himself for having uttered the name of Loveland. If he had not told her that inquiries must be made at the Waldorf for Lord Loveland's cablegram and letters she would not associate Mr. Gordon, Bill Willing's friend, with the hero of the New York Light's story.

The cad Milton had evidently made up some tale on recovering his disgusting senses, a tale not too damaging to himself, and had named his assailant.

"Give me the paper, please," Val demanded.

"Not now," said the girl. "Dutchy's looking, and that silly boy Blinky has just come in. Better not let 'em guess we're aluding to anything in the paper."

"Is it about my knocking a man down?" asked Loveland.

"Yes, a swell well known society. I've seen his name often in Town Chat. And it's about you at the hotel too."

Suddenly it seemed to Val that he would not have the heart to read that article about himself in the newspaper.

That scene of his humiliation in the Waldorf restaurant and afterward in the hall. How could he bear to see it all set out in vulgar print, accompanied perhaps by an "interview" with the hotel employee who had turned

him into the street? No; he could not look at the paper, could not see himself held up to public ridicule, probably by the pen of the man he had ordered from his door with Cadwallader Hunter yesterday in the morning.

He broke in upon the girl's revelations. "Never mind that part now," he said. "That's nothing. Has the man Milton set the police on me?"

"Nope; I guess not. There's a kind of interview with him in the paper, and he says he deserved what he got for having anything to do with a man of your sort. He says after he'd told you exactly what he thought of you you hit him from behind, which I don't believe, because you ain't that kind, I'll bet."

"Thank you," said Loveland, looking so handsome in the pallor of his anger that the Jewish girl could not take her eyes from his face.

"No, I'm not that kind of man," Val echoed her words. "Evidently the cowardly beast must have picked himself up before he was seen; otherwise, as he was lying on his fat back, his story about having been hit from behind would hardly have held water. Will the police do anything on their own responsibility, do you think?"

"Not unless somebody sends them looking for you, I hope," Isidora reassured him, dattered that she should be taken into consultation. "This Milton says in the interview he don't want to be mixed up in a scandal or called on as a witness against you in a police court."

"It's his own scandal!" broke out Loveland. "He knows I could defend myself only too well. And, being a cad himself, he doesn't know that I wouldn't bring in certain names."

"I shall have to send again for the cablegram, no matter what happens," said Val. "I must get money."

"Sure you can get it?" Isidora asked in a confidential yet somewhat doubtful tone.

"Of course I'm sure. I have my letter of credit—the one thing I did manage to keep."

"Yes, but—"

"There isn't any but," cut in Loveland impatiently. "It's certain to be all right this afternoon at latest. The cable will have come to the hotel, and then I shall know what to do. Even supposing the police should arrest me for that affair—well, at worst, the trouble ought to be over and done within a day or two."

"Oh, indeed it wouldn't!" exclaimed the pretty Jewess. "I don't know what mightn't happen to you. You will be careful, won't you—if it's only to please me?" And her eyes were large and beseeching.

"You're very kind to take an interest," said Val, really grateful, though he had to restrain an impulse to throw back her advances. "Of course I don't want to be let in for a scandal which might do others harm as well as me—and would, if that beast Milton could manage it. I'm not exactly plying to see the inside of a New York jail, which you seem to think I'm in danger of doing. Things are bad enough as it is. And his face darkened, for he thought that after the loushorne publicity the newspapers were now giving the name of Loveland he might have difficulty in bringing down such game as he had crossed the sea to seek."

"Oh, I'm sorry you think things here are so bad," retorted Isidora, flushed and pouting.

"You know I don't mean things here," protested Val, with less truth than politeness. "You're too good to me, and I appreciate it all immensely."

"Do you?" she asked, her eyes liquid.

"Of course I do. I hope I shall be able to prove that before long."

"Well," she said warmly, "I mean to go on being good—better—best to you, for I'm studying out a plan to get your things away from the Waldorf-Astoria hotel and all the same to keep you out of trouble. You're a foreigner and don't understand our ways yet, but I'll see you through all right."

"How are you going to do that, my guardian angel?" Val smiled at the pretty girl.

Isidora had the sensation of being bathed in perfumed cream. Her "guardian angel!" She had been called a number of nice things, such as a "real beauty," a high dier and a Floradora, but no one had ever hailed her as his guardian angel before, and with all her heart she vowed that she would live up to the name.

"I don't know exactly yet how I'll do it," she admitted. "But you leave it to me, and it'll be done, you'll see. Only give me an order signed 'Loveland' to bring away anything of yours from the hotel. Meantime I've thought of one thing, which is you'd better not be seen here till we're sure they ain't on to you through that messenger boy. I tell you what, I've got a lady friend in this street, Mrs. Johnny Gernsbacher, who's looking after an empty house that's for rent."

"A caretaker?" asked Loveland.

"I guess that's right. Me and Mrs. Gernsbacher's good friends. She's a widow lady, quite old, most forty-five, so she'll do for a chaperon. You can see to things here for five minutes till I run across and ask if she'll let you stay there in the house, as a friend of mine, till you have time to look around."

"I—see to things?" echoed Loveland blankly.

"Yes. If anybody comes in they'll take you for a swell waiter in those clothes. They'll think Alexander the Great's starting in for uptown style."

She laughed with amusement at the joke, and Loveland laughed, too, though not very heartily. He was not enchanted at the idea of being mistaken for a "swell waiter."

Mrs. Gernsbacher must have been very accessible and easily persuaded, for in less than ten minutes the girl was back again, flushed with triumph. "It's all right," she announced. "Becky G.'s standing in the basement door, waiting for you to pop in. Bill, you show him the way to Becky's. Goodby, Mr. Gordon. Don't stay here another minute. I'll be over as soon as I can to tell you what's up, and I'll send Bill along at noon with something good for your dinner."

Nothing had happened when Bill Willing came at 12:30 to find Loveland an appropriately ornamental figure, keeping guard in Mrs. Gernsbacher's kitchen during that lady's absence on a shopping expedition; nothing had happened worth reporting, except that Alexander the Great was "around again."

Isidora had sent, wrapped in a Japanese paper napkin, a ham sandwich and a generous slice of pumpkin pie, a delicacy strange to the Englishman's palate. Bill had brought food for himself, and he had smuggled in his pocket a bottle of ginger ale for both.

"Have you read the beastly newspaper article about me?" Val forced himself to inquire.

"No," answered Bill, "I ain't seen it. Miss Izzy offered me the paper, but I—well, I didn't care to read it. Seemed as if 'twould sorter be spyin' on you behind your back."

"You're a good fellow," said Val.

"I don't see where the goodness comes in," protested Bill modestly. "But I can run back and sneak the paper if you've changed your mind and want a squint at it."

"No, thank you," said Val, though he half scorned himself for moral cowardice. "I've no wish to see how deep New York journalism has pushed me into the mud."

Rebecca Gernsbacher returned from her morning's shopping to ask almost as many questions as she drew breaths, freezing into a cold statue of suspicion



"BECKY G.'S WAITING FOR YOU TO POP IN."

as her mysterious guest froze into reticence. Not having heard the name of Loveland, she did not associate any sensational headlines in the morning paper with Isidora's "swell mash," but there was no crime between pocket picking and murder of which she did not believe the handsome, sulky fugitive easily capable.

Loveland had begun to tell himself gloomily that it would soon be too late to draw money from any bank when Isidora appeared in great splendor at the basement door. She had on a large picture hat of red velvet, nodding with cheap ostrich plumes which shaded from palest pink to deepest magenta, and in her "electric seal" coat she looked as little like a lady as a beautiful girl could possibly look. But she was enchanted with herself and evidently expected to impress Loveland by her taste and elegance.

"Well!" she panted, having kissed her friend Becky and dusted off a chair with the big muff which matched her cloak. "Well, I've got news for you, Mr. Gordon. Guess what it is."

In the first place, pa had been cross and hadn't wanted her to go out, but when she had teased he had only grumbled a little, and directly after dinner—before Bill came back—she had taken an "L" train downtown to consult the husband of a great friend of hers.

This gentleman she had persuaded to leave business—and to drop in at the Waldorf-Astoria, with the object of making certain inquiries. She had not, she said, confided any secrets to her friend, though she was sure she might have done so safely, but had merely pleaded a passionate yearning for further details of the "story" in the New York Light. What were the hotel people going to do? Were they searching for the Englishman, and, if so, had they got upon his track?

Mr. Rosenstein, being an occasional customer of the Waldorf bar when he "had on his gladiolus rags," did not hesitate to undertake the mission. He went to the hotel and asked questions without arousing any suspicion that he was actuated by a deeper motive than idle curiosity, and he learned that the staff of the Waldorf-Astoria took but little interest in the gentleman calling himself Lord Loveland. The Englishman had gone away without paying for his rooms, as the newspapers had said, the hotel people admitted, but goods worth about the amount owing had been left behind. Anything that might have happened, anything of which the Englishman might be accus-

ed, did not concern the Waldorf-Astoria now that he was no longer a resident of the hotel, and employees had been instructed not to gossip either in his favor or disfavor. The late Lord Loveland was now shelved as a "back number."

And nobody had called or written! This lack of courtesy showed, to his mind, that Jim's and Betty's friends had all read the newspapers and had taken his affair with Milton in bad part. The man Milton was to blame for the scandal, which had doubtless been spread by Cadwallader Hunter's journalist friend in revenge for a snub. Cadwallader Hunter's malice, too, must have been another match to light the fire of mischief, and, taking everything together, Loveland began to fear that the game in America was up. He began to tell himself that the dignified course was to turn his back on America and march homeward with flags flying as if he had suffered no defeat. Yes; that was what he would do. It would be disgracing himself and his name to go down and wrestle in the arena with enemies who did not pretend to fight fair. Yet—to leave this country forever, with no hope of seeing Lesley Dearmer again! She had not even given him her address and had only laughed elusively when he suggested "calling on her some day after everything was comfortably settled."

He knew no more than that she lived "near Louisville," therefore he could not write to beg that she would not believe any hateful tales the newspapers might invent. Oh, yes, it was all over—that little episode, which had been so sweet, which had taught him that he had heart enough to love and long for a woman because of what she was, not because of what she had.

"You needn't look so broken up," said Isidora. "Wait till I come to the end of the story. I've got a messenger waiting in the street with something for you. I wouldn't let him in till we'd had our talk. Now I'm going to call him down to cheer you up a bit."

She bounced off her chair, ran to the door and shouted up from the level of the basement to the street. In another moment a uniformed youth walked in and deposited a large paper wrapped bundle, but it was not until he had been sent away that Isidora began to open the parcel.

"I wanted to get the lot," she said, "but, my, the bill was high—way above me. I'd \$25 I'd been saving up—oh, for something, but you needn't care. I'd a heap rather do this than buy any old thing for myself. And here's what they give me after a lot of fuss."

She tore off the brown paper with a dramatic gesture and triumphantly displayed the suit of tweed clothing which Loveland had taken off the evening before in dressing for dinner. Then her face fell as she saw that his expressed no pleasure.

"I thought you'd like these better than anything, as I couldn't run to all," the girl went on disappointedly. "You paid my hotel bill!" exclaimed Loveland.

"Only a little, weeny part," Isidora broke in. "Wish I could have done more."

"I don't," said Val hastily. "Oh, you're very kind—too kind. I don't know what to say. But—your money, that you were saving—why, I—love, it's horrible. And I mayn't be able to pay you back for days."

"I don't want you to pay me back," the girl said proudly. "It's been a pleasure."

He thanked her as best he could for all she had done and talked down her objections to being repaid. Now, he said, owing to her kindness he could walk the streets without being stared at and would lose no time in cabling to his mother. Oh, he had plenty of money for that! And, smiling as if it were part of a huge joke, he showed what the payment of his small debt to the restaurant had left of his \$5.

Seven dollars and a bit—nearly 30 shillings! Why, he was rich. All he asked now was a room in which to change his clothes.

As there was a houseful of empty rooms, this request was easily granted, and presently Loveland came back to the kitchen suitably clad for daylight, except for the detail of his necktie. Isidora saw no fault in his appearance as she walked proudly at his side on the way to send a cablegram to Scotland.

Secretly Loveland would have been glad to dispense with her company, but she assured him that she had "more time than anything else" and that she would be delighted to guide him, only they "must not go past home, for if pa saw her with a strange gentleman there'd be trouble."

(Continued Next Saturday)

A DAINTY TOILET ARTICLE.

Every lady who desires to keep up her attractive appearance, while at the Theater, attending Receptions, when shopping, while traveling and on all occasions should carry in her purse a booklet of GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL BEAUTY LEAVES. This is a dainty little booklet of exquisitely perfumed powdered leaves which are easily removed and applied to the skin. It is invaluable when the face becomes moist and flushed and is far superior to a powder puff as it does not spill and soil the clothes.

It removes dirt, soot and grease from the face, imparting a cool, delicate bloom to the complexion. Sent anywhere on receipt of Ten Cents in stamps or coin. F. T. HOPKINS, 37 Grant Jones street, New York.

Inter-Island and O. R. & L. Shipping books for sale at the Bulletin office, 50c each.

VanCamp's Pork and Beans

Unequalled in quality, and although

Costing the Packer more;

Costing the Wholesaler more;

Costing the Retailer more;

THEY COST THE CONSUMER THE SAME AS OTHERS NOT SO GOOD

Your Grocer Has Them
Do Not Accept a Substitute

MAUI ENFORCING THE CURFEW LAW

(Special Bulletin Correspondence.)

WAILUKU, April 10.—The street urchins no longer make nights hideous with their howlings and savage noises. Sheriff Clement Crowell and his deputies all over this county are enforcing the curfew law and no child of tender years may be seen taking up the sidewalks, stores and public houses with the same liberty as those of more mature years. During the last term of the grand jury, that body embodied in its final report to the court a few remarks about the truant law not being fully enforced, which they believed was the cause of many juvenile theft cases in this district,

but on investigation by the sheriff it was found that the ones confined in jail for such infractions of the law were three Filipino youths under fourteen who came into the country not as students, but as laborers in competition with those over twenty years of age. However, the effect of the criticism by the grand jurors, although ill directed in the first place, has tended to teach the officers of the law to enforce the curfew law, and the tardy parents to keep a more faithful eye on their mischievous children, especially when out of their sight. In many cases the parents have been brought up under a very loose system themselves, and it is very difficult indeed for them to enforce restraint when they themselves don't know what restraint is, and need in most cases restraint themselves more than their offspring. However, Wailuku streets have been free from street urchins who formerly congregated on street corners and public places to formulate plans which only urchins of such character are capable of doing. The sheriff and his officers are to be congratulated on their success so far, and the wish of the better element of the community is that the law will always be enforced for the benefit of the urchins and their careless parents.

Arrangements have been made with the Red Cross Society by which that organization will make a special effort to teach to Boy Scouts of America the principles of first aid to the injured. With this aim in view, Major Charles Lynch, Medical Corps, U. S. Army, who has charge of the first aid department of the society, now touring the country and giving instructions, will devote several hours in each city or town to teaching Boy Scouts. Major Lynch says that the scheme will prove of great value. One car in charge of Dr. M. J. Shields is now making a trip over the Rock Island Railroad.

When you are athirst for a real good glass of beer send to your dealer for a few bottles of PRIMO---the local brew---the beer that's made in Honolulu.

You'll find it superior to imported beers that have been freighted through varying climates.

Be sure to ask for



The Beer That's Brewed To Suit The Climate